

A Red Dawn Part 1

by Mr. Anderson-Welcome Back

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Summary: Pog'l 'Druma is an Elite ship master plagued by paranoia, delusions, and a new ship. With the unveiling of the new ship, Residing Malice, the first of its kind, a port ship; it's also the Covenant's largest ship commissioned so far. Dwarfing the super-carrier in Halo: Reach, it can't dock on most planets because of its size. **RATED M FOR DISTURBING SCENES AND VIOLENCE THROUGHOUT.**

A Red Dawn Part 1

A RED DAWN****

Chapter 1: Paradigm Shift****

****Aboard the new, massive port ship****, Residing Malice, in dock 117, row 1, port side; in orbit over Larynx****

"With her Golf engines, Alchimid thrusters, Jor 'Pol stabilizing fins, and Bendicant coolant system, complimented by exactly four hundred corvette-sized docks, the Residing Malice, I guarantee you, will be one of, if not the most revered and largest ships in the Covenant fleet, or any fleet within a hundred-or-so parsecs of her! Hahahahaha! Oh, and I forgot to mention two things: cup holders and all-thrust drive."

">Hahahahaha! Why, of course, Ambassador 'Druma; no doubt it will surely boost morale throughout the colonies of the Sangheili."
"Also, the unveiling is due in two months."

">Oh, marvelous! I shall contact all information stations to tell them of the good news as soon as I find-" <p>

'Druma froze in his tracks, seeming to be uncomfortable with what was said.

>Pog'l 'Druma, one of a handful of the Covenant's supreme commanders, Ambassador to Gallium, and a member of the board of the CDL (Covenant Discretionary Legion), didn't want to have mass hysteria and fanatics

running amok and causing chaos; then again, an Arbiter could right a wrong or crush a rebellion for them-the last Arbiter nearly single-handedly caused the previous Covenant to diverge among itself and dared to side with the wretched humans for , what 'Drumee called 'a pointless revolution,' and the latter was right. To sum it up, 'Druma put his left hand on his fellow's shoulder, as if holding him back or halting him. "No. I do not want to let the unveiling of the Residing Malice to be publicized. The last time something of this scale was fed to the public, there was mass chaos, near anarchy."
"But, Ambassador-"

>"I will not let this rebellion become an insurgency!" boasted 'Druma. He was one of the few survivors of the Tsavo incident, the unleash of the Flood upon the Earth; back then he was a sergeant. Though his entire platoon was consumed by the Flood, and he considered them all liabilities, as he watched each one become rot from the inside out and become part of an ever-increasing mass of Flood and scum, it disturbed him, mentally, to the point where a week after watching them all be devoured, he was administered to an asylum, psychiatric relief, and eventually occupational therapy; fortunately, for him, all of those medical fields are much more practiced and understood by his species than by humans, which, in turn, led to his swift recovery. He never fully recovered; he still has a few nightmares and flashbacks here and there, but he seemed to check out fine, according to his doctors.

Noticing he had startled the fellow, he slumped back, apologized, and said, "Do as you wish. Publicize the event, if you must."

>"Yes, sir"
"_But,_ if I hear anything of in insurgency, a revolt, or a utopian parasite related to this event," 'Drumee grabbed him by the harness and lifted him to make direct eye contact "then I will find you, and I will kill you. Do you understand?"
>"Y-y-yes, s-sir. I-I do, sir."
"Good."_

End
file.